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Welcome Charlie o'er the Main

Stirling [Scotland]

1826

Reel: 40 Title: 23

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JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
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OCLC Number : 11104665
Call Number : W PN970.E5 WELCx
Title : Welcome Charlie o'er the Main : to which are added, The day returns ; Hills of Gallowa ; Oh Nancy wilt thou fly with me ; The sailor boy ; The sailor's return
Imprint : Stirling [Scotland] : Printed and sold ... by W. Macnie, 1826.
Format : 8 p. ; 14 cm.
Note : Without music.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish. **Subject : Songs, Scots.**
Added Entry : Macnie, William.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
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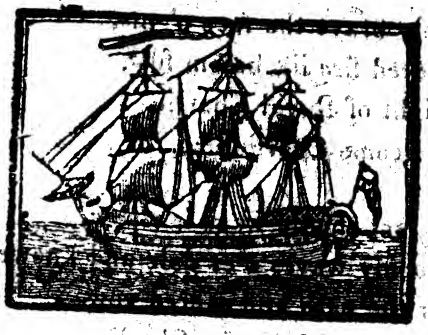
Date filming began: 9-1-94
Camera Operator: CS

Welcome Charlie o'er the Main;

To which are added,

The day Returns,
Hills of Gallowa,
Oh Nancy wilt thou fly with me,
The Sailor Boy,
The Sailor's Return.



STIRLING:
Printed and Sold, Wholesale and Retail,
by W. MACNIE, Bookseller.

1826.

WELCOME CHARLIE O'ER THE MAIN.

Arouse, arouse each kilted clan!
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And forward wi' their durks in han'
To fight for Royal Charlie,
Welcome Charlie o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
Welcome to your Isle again;
O welcome Royal Charlie!

Auld Scotia's sons 'mong Highland hills,
Can nobly brave the face o' ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of Royal Charlie.
Welcome Charlie, &c.

The ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,
To hear the oath and sacred vow—
We'll live and die for Charlie.
Welcome Charlie, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed,
Shall trample on our kindred seed;

White PN970.E5 WFLC

For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.
Welcome Charlie, &c.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son,
Wha would not to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie?
Welcome Charlie, &c.

Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the Pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.
Welcome Charlie o'er the main.
Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
Welcome to your throne again,
O welcome Royal Charlie.

THE DAY RETURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was hauf sae sweet,
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,

Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joy above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live.
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE SAILOR BOY.

To Davy Jones old dad was gone,
And mother likewise dead,
When little I was left alone,
To labour for my bread.
No matter, I ne'er pip'd my eye.
Thof care attach'd me sore,
But soon become a sailor boy,
And left all care on shore.

All danger did I smiling scorn,
And swigg'd the flowing can,
And prov'd myself from stem to stern,
A sailor and a man.

To Indies, east and west, I sail'd,
The line I cross'd o'er and o'er,
Ere on my native beach I hail'd,
My Pretty Poll on shore.

We jigg'd it at a merry dance,
And both dislik'd to part,
My timbers stout may start by chance,
But English oak my heart.
Then let but fortune cheerly smile,
And hand me gold galore,
Why, all the sum of all my toil
Is pretty Poll on shore.

HILLS OF GALLOWA.

Amang the birks sae blythe and gay,
I met my Julia hamewand gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans huskit braw;
And gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn,
Out o'er the hills of Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged alang the lee,

When down we sat, the flowers amang,
Upon the banks of stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me;
Then sweetly slade the hours awa,
Till dawnin' cost a glimmerin' ee,
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is nae owsen, sheep and kye,
It is nae gowd it is nae gear,
This lifted ee wad hae quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to chear;
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye pow'rs wha rule this earthen ba,
And O sae blythe thro' life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the cows;
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill,
That thro' the rashes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, the howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and jovial swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my cantie strains;

Where friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms and moor-cocks craw,
● dig my grave, and lay my bones,
Amang the hills o' Galloway.

OH NANNY WILT THOU FLY WITH ME.

Oh Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,
nor sigh to leave the charming town,
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
the lowly cote and russet gown.
No longer drest in silken sheen,
no longer deck'd with jewels rare?
Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
where thou wert fairest of the fair.
Where thou art fairest, where thou art fairest
where thou wert fairest of the fair.

Oh Nanny when thou'rt far awa,
do thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
nor shrink before the warping wind,
● can that saft and gentlest mien,
severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad regret each courtly scene,
where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
thro' perils keen wi' me to gae,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
to share wi' him the pangs o' wae.
And when invading pains befal,
wilt thou assume the nurse's care;
Nor wishful, those gay scenes recal,
where thou wert fairest of the fair.

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
and cheer with smiles the bed of death,
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
strew flowers, and drop the the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
where thou wert fairest of the fair.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Behold, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom returns;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally will depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweet hearts with the spoil,
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare it's rights defend.

FINIS.